The Blue Jay and the Oak Tree

It's a chilly autumn evening, and I'm about to have a drink at a pub for reasons I'd rather not say. How did it come to this? One shouldn't be this pathetic at twenty-one.
"Can I get you anything?" the bartender asks half-heartedly.
"A bottle of your best cyanide would be nice, thanks."
"I'm sorry, what?" He doesn't know whether to laugh or feel disturbed.
"Sorry, just a poor attempt at a joke. A pint of Guinness, please."
"There you go. She must be pretty." The bartender leaves without a second word.
With not much else to do, I choose to hurry home. The cold just hits differently when you live in the countryside. Or when you find yourself heartbroken, mind you.
"There you are, Ben. How was your day, son?"
"Alright, I suppose. Nothing out of the ordinary."
"I see. Say, son, I don't suppose you've found the time to milk the cows and feed the chickens?"
"Already taken care of, Dad. And you don't have to be so formal with me all the time. I'm your son, for goodness' sake."
"You're right, son. I apologise. Thank you for taking care of everything. These legs are not what they used to be."
"And you don't have to apologise either, old man." I laugh it off warmly. "It's only right. I'm happy to do it."
"Shall we talk about Amy, if you don't mind?"
That's Dad for you. A man from the countryside with a heart of gold, whose choice of words would make Chaucer and Shakespeare proud. I'm always telling him to speak more casually, but it's no use.
"What's there to talk about, Dad? We had a great weekend, talked a lot, said our goodbyes, and now she's gone. I really thought I could convince her to stay, you know?"
"It's for the best, Ben. You'll see that in time."
"How can you say that? She's the love of my life. She belongs here with me. I know she's not your favourite, but…"
"Wait just for a moment, young man. Amy is a lovely girl, and you will never hear me say otherwise. We have our differences, yes, but that was never the problem. She is polite, kind, and always ready to listen respectfully to what I have to say. And she loves you to the moon and back, I'm sure. But you are like me, Benjamin. You are an oak tree, and she is an adorable blue jay, you see?"
"What nonsense is that now? You're just afraid I'm going to leave you behind, aren't you? That I'll leave you alone?"
"Now, Ben, that is not true, and you know it. You are angry, so I won't take it to heart. But please, try to listen…"
"When Mum died, you were devastated, weren't you? You, of all people, should understand."
"Benjamin, your mother was my wife. My wife! Twenty years and two beautiful children. I beg of you not to compare the two. It'll be hard for me not to feel hurt if you do. I had to give her the pills, hold her hand through chemo and whatnot. And she was so strong. I was the one sobbing the whole time. I should

have been her fortress, her beacon of hope, her fortitude… I was nothing of the sort."
He stopped for a while, tears running down his cheek. I thought of saying something, but in the end, decided not to. Father blew his nose with a handkerchief and continued:
"I was left with two children to raise and the certainty that nothing would be the same ever again. I was more than simply devastated. I was lost. I came undone. One day it occurred to me what Helen would have wanted. Love is also sacrifice. I needed to be a good man and a good father to her children, to our children. Love became more about honouring her memory, loving what she loved, cherishing our time together. Living with your mum was so effortless, so natural, so familiar. I had to recall who I was before her, and you will have to do the same, dear boy."
"Amy isn't dead, Father. She just realised I wasn't the one."
"That is one way of seeing things. A childish and selfish way too, might I add. What the heck would you do in California, anyway? San Francisco was her dream, not yours. You want what I have always wanted, Ben. A house, a family, a wife to come home to after a hard day's work. Your brother wanted something else, and that is fine too. Don't blame Amy for having the maturity to understand how different the two of you are before you did. She's wise beyond her years, that one. Don't ever tell her I said so."
By the end, Father was feeling better and even smiling a little bit. For the record, I was not. What did he mean by oak tree and jay, anyway? I didn't take after his brain, that's for sure. A few weeks pass, and I notice a new family has just moved to the neighbouring farm. A pretty young girl is helping her parents with the furniture.
"New neighbours, Dad?"
"Oh, Benjamin. Good timing, my son. The Carvers have just moved in. The adorable little lass you have just seen is Mary. She is about your age—twenty or twenty-one, if I'm not mistaken. I invited them over for supper this evening. Wear something nice."
"So, Ben, do you like living here away from the city?" Mrs Carver asks me.
"Yes, ma'am. I'd much like to stay here and raise a family someday."
"How wonderful, dear! See, Mary, you can still find a nice man who wants an old-fashioned family."
"Mother, please say no more." Mary intervenes sheepishly.
My heart starts racing for some reason. Could I have found the one?